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Be on the Watch.

It was the eve of May 28, 1672, the English fleet, led by James, Duke of York, was lying in Sole Bay, off the town of Southwold. One of the officers serving under the Duke was the Earl of Sandwich.

'Sir,' said the Earl to the Duke, 'would it not be wise for us to be on the watch? Any moment, under cover of darkness, the Dutch might surprise us.'

James, who loved merry-making, replied carelessly, 'Oh, I've no fears about De Ruyter now. We're best without cowards who are always imagining false alarms!'

Earl Sandwich was stung to the quick. His was not a cowardly nature, as next day's action proved.

And he was right in his fears. The Dutch were close upon the English fleet. Had he not exercised all the power he possessed, independently of his chief, that the fleet might not be taken unawares, defeat would certainly have attended the English arms next day, instead of the victory which was so hardly won that to this day some still claim that a drawn battle was fought.

When the surprise did come, in the early hours of the next morning, and the English awoke to the fact that the Dutch were indeed close upon them, the Earl fought with all his might, despite the hard words that the Duke had spoken of him. And in the terrible strife that was to save his country from defeat, his life was laid down. He was burnt with his ship, 'The Royal James'; but it was this sacrifice that opened the way for others to later, to hold the position which the noble Earl had won with his life.

He was no coward who wished to strain every nerve to be on the watch. Nor was his selfish service, who laid down his life to prevent the inertness and pleasure-lovingness of another, higher in command than himself, from proving fatal to the success of the English arms. Earl Sandwich thought not of his own honor. It was the cause, the welfare of his country, that he cared about. God grant to us the same spirit of unselfish service in whatever He may calls us to take up.

The spirit in which Earl Sandwich acted in this fight with the Dutch in Sole Bay reminds us of the words of the Japanese admiral,

THE ENEMY'S FLEET CAME UP IN THE NIGHT.

Yuasa, before he and his men steamed into Port Arthur. 'It is a mistaken idea of valor,' said he, 'to court death needlessly. Death is not our object, but success; and we die in vain if we do not attain success.'

Well would it be, too, if, not only in the Japanese army, but in every department of the life-work of each, the spirit of some further words of Yuasa prevailed: 'Let every man set aside the thought of making a name for himself—let us all work together for the attainment of our object.' The words of the Japanese admiral are an illustration of what St. Paul said: 'None of us liveth unto himself; and no man dieth unto himself.—S. Johnson, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

How Mr. Moody was Led to Preach.

'Everything beckoned me to remain in business. I had a widowed mother, whom I ought to help support. My business was prosperous for those days. I had no education. I could not put a sentence together properly. I didn't have a friend who would not call me mad to give up my business. But louder and louder came the call. I gave up my business, and people called me crazy; but thank God that I took that stand when I did.

'I will tell you how I got waked up on this point and came to a decision. I had a large Sunday-school in Chicago with twelve or fifteen hundred scholars. I was very much pleased with the numbers. If the attendance kept up I was pleased; but I didn't see a convert. I was not looking for conversions. There was one class in a corner of the large hall made up of young women, who caused more trouble than any other class in the school. There was only one man who could ever manage that class and keep it in order. If he could keep the class quiet, it was about as much as we could hope for.

'One day this teacher was missing, and I taught the class. The girls laughed in my face. I never felt so tempted to turn any one from Sunday-school as I did those girls. I never saw such frivolous girls. I couldn't make any impression on them. The next day the teacher came into the store. I noticed that he looked very pale, and I asked him what was the trouble. "I have been bleeding at the lungs," he said; "and the doctor tells me that I cannot live. I must give up my class and go back to my widowed mother in New York State." As he spoke to me his chin quivered and the tears began to flow. I said I was sorry, and added: "You're not afraid of death, are you?" "Oh, no, I'm not afraid to die, but I shall soon stand before my Master. What shall I tell him of my class? Not one of them is a Christian. I have made a failure of my work."

'I had never heard anyone speak in that way, and I said: "Why not visit every girl and ask her to become a Christian?" "I am very weak," he said, "too weak to walk." I offered to get a carriage and go with him. He consented, and we started out. Going first to one house and then to another, that pale teacher, sometimes staggering on the sidewalk, sometimes leaning on my arm, he saw each girl, and, calling her by name, Mary, or Martha, or whatever it was, he asked her to become a Christian, telling her that he was going home to die and that he wanted to know that his scholars had given their hearts to God. Then he would pray with her and I would pray with her. So we went from house to house. After he used up all his strength, I would take him home and the next day we would go out once again. Sometimes he went alone. At the end of ten days he came into the store, his face beaming with joy, and said: 'The last girl has yielded her heart to Christ. I am going home now; I have done all that I can do and my work is done."

'I asked when he was going, and he said, "To-morrow night." I said: "Would you like to see your class together before you go?" He said he would, and I asked if he thought the landlady would allow the use of her sitting-room. He thought she would. So I sent word to all the girls, and they all came together. I had never spent such a night up to that time. I had never met such a large number of young converts. The teacher gave an earnest talk and then prayed, and then I prayed. As I was about to rise I heard one of the girls begin to pray. She prayed for her teacher and she prayed for the superintendent. Up to that time I never knew that any one prayed for me in that way. When she finished another girl prayed. Before we arose every girl had prayed; what a change had come over them in a short space of time. We tried to sing, but we did not get on very well,

'"Bless be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.'

We bade one another "Good-by," but I felt that I must see the teacher again before he left Chicago, and so I met him at the station, and while we were talking one of the girls came along and then another until the whole class had assembled. They were all there on the platform. It was a beautiful summer night. The sun was just setting down behind the western prairies. It was a sight I shall never

forget. A few gathered around us—the firemen, engineer, brakemen and conductor of the train, and some of the passengers lifted their windows as the class sang together.

"'Here we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's shore,
There'll be no parting there."'

'As the train moved out of the station the teacher, pale-faced, stood on the platform, and, with his finger heavenward, he said:—"I will meet you yonder;" then the train disappeared from view.

'I went to my business next day; but I could not get interested in my work. I had tasted something better. What a work had been accomplished in those ten days. Some of the members of that class were among the most active Christians we had in the schools for years after. We had a blessed work of grace in the school that summer; it took me out of my business and sent me into the Lord's work. If you hear God calling you to-day into his work, do not leave this building until you have decided to respond to the call.'

A Blind Ruffian Tamed.

There was in one of the villages of China a perfect villain. As a punishment for his misdeeds, his eyes were put out. But he could still, as a blind beggar, blackmail his neighbors, and the shopkeepers had a horror of him. On one occasion he found his way to an oilshop, demanding money. When it was refused, he swung his thick staff and hit out blindly, breaking the earthenware pots containing the oil; and as they broke and the oil ran out, he took up the broken pieces of pottery and cut himself with them, and then went to the magistrate complaining of the ill-treatment he had received. The shopman was fined ½£10. He was also a heavy opium-smoker, and an old lady begged him to come to the medical mission hospital to be cured of the habit, her ulterior hope being his conversion. He came, was cured, and also found Christ. And now it is his delight to sit in the waiting-room and prove the power of God by pointing to himself. That is evidence none can gainsay. All know what he was, and that no man was ever changed in that way by the worship of idols.

An Aftermath of Joy.

(Cora S. Day, in the 'American Messenger.')

'What is it, William?'

The white-haired old man raised his head and tried to smile bravely into the questioning eyes of his wife, in whose face he saw reflected the trouble from his own.

'A trifle—a foolish little thing over which I am weak enough to be disturbed. And yet'—his voice faltered a little—'it is not quite pleasant to feel that I have outlived my usefulness.'

'Why should you feel so? Tell me about it.' And his wife crossed the little study and stood close beside his chair. Many times she had helped him through trial and trouble and discouragement with her brave cheerfulness and steady faith.

'I have served the Lord in this place for forty-five years,' he began slowly, 'and he has blessed me. But it has come to me over and over, of late, that I should make way for a younger man in my pulpit. Perhaps the people feel this, too. I do not know; they are very kind to me always. My lot among them has, indeed, been a pleasant one. But there are young people growing up in the church—it is only natural that they should desire a younger pastor:' and he paused thoughtfully.

'Something has been said—' began his wife.

'Not to me. They are too considerate for that. It was only a chance remark on the street the other day, by a young girl to a companion; something about the desirability of having a progressive young minister at the head of the church. She did not know I overheard. And it was, after all, but the voicing of my own feeling.'

There was a little flush of indignation in the usually placid face before him.

'A foolish school-girl! What does she know of the needs of the church? And after your lifetime of work for this church and for this place!'

'Never mind that,' he answered gently. 'We must not evade the question, Margaret. It is simply this—have I ceased to satisfy the wants of my people, and do they wish for a younger, more active pastor? I must think over it, and pray over it, and seek to find the truth. I know the Lord will help me to do his will for the good of his people.'

There was nothing further to be said in answer to that reasoning, and his wife left him alone with his problem. As the days passed she could see that he was deeply troubled over the matter, yet patient and willing to do whatever was best. It was not an unusual case, after all—a minister grown old in his charge, a young, progressive element in the church, and a desire, entirely natural, for a minister more in sympathy with new ideas and methods.

At last the decision was reached. Kneeling beside the old chair in the study where he had penned so many messages of hope and love and invitation to those people, the old minister laid his life-work down at the feet of his Master, and said tenderly, 'If it is thy will, oh, Lord, let it be done.'

The next Sabbath he read to his congregation the resignation over which he had spent so many days of thought and almost heart-broken sorrow.

It came as a complete surprise to all; but was received by different ones in widely different ways. To the older members, after the first shock of astonishment, came a feeling of sorrow almost as deep as that of the pastor at the step which he considered it his duty to take. Most of the younger members shared this feeling; but a few thoughtless ones felt that it was the opportunity they desired to secure a new, brisk, active young worker.

There was an unwonted hum of undertoned discussion at the close of the service; and it was not long before the pastor was surrounded by the officers of the church with requests for the reasons of this unexpected step. He gave them simply and briefly, and there was a little silence when the explanation was ended. Then they vied with each other in assuring them that his feeling was utterly unfounded.

'Think it over,' he answered them all, shaking his head, but smiling a little more cheerfully at their earnest, sincere words. 'I have thought it over for a long time. It is but just that you should have time to consider it carefully.' And so the matter was left.

One of the officers of the church had said rather less than the others, but it was evident that he had been thinking rapidly.

'I should like to have a word with you after the congregation goes,' he managed to whisper here and there to officers, leading members and young people active in the work of the church. So they lingered until the pastor was gone; and then the one who had asked them to stay stood up and said:

'I hope I may never again feel so conscience-stricken as I do at this minute. And not for anything I have done, but for something which I—which all of us, it seems, have left undone. Here is our pastor—the man who has spent his life in this quiet little place for love of us, when we know well that he had opportunities offered him over and over again, in his younger years, to go forth to other work—work better fitted to his splendid abilities, and work that would have brought him larger financial compensation; our dear old pastor offers us his resignation because he feels that we are tired of him—has, in fact, heard a desire expressed for a younger man in his place.

'Friends, this old man has nurtured us in the fear and admonition of the Lord. He has listened to our marriage vows; he has helped us put away our dead. He has been with us in joy and sorrow, and has never failed us, never wearied in doing for us all and more than we asked; while we—we have been so cruelly careless, so slow to thank him and to show our love and gratitude, that he thinks that we would prefer another in his place. I wish now to offer one or two resolutions.

'First, that our pastor's resignation be rejected. Well, all in favor will please say—'

'Aye,' came the ready response.

'Second, I propose that so long as our pastor has health and strength and power to stand in our pulpit, he be urged to do so.'

This recolution was unanimously carried.

'Third, I suggest that a testimonial be prepared, setting forth our affectionate regard for him and his life-long faithfulness to us; that it be signed by every man, woman and child old enough to write who is an attendant upon the services of this church; and that it be presented to our pastor next Sabbath.'

There was no need to put this suggestion to a vote, for everybody began at once to plan how to give the greatest possible number an opportunity to sign the testimonial before the next Sabbath, and the speaker and his little audience went home bubbling over with enthusiasm. It was a busy week for those in charge of the testimonial, but the work was done by Saturday night.

We will pass over what the pastor did and said when the decision in regard to his resignation was handed to him, accompanied by the cordial expression of the desire that he remain with them for the rest of his days. But when the testimonial was presented—and he saw well up in the long list of names that of his youthful critic—he said softly, as he laid the document aside on the pulpit and clasped his hands over the worn old Bible:

'I thank you all, dear friends, for this expression of a love which I should never have doubted. But I thank the Lord, too, for the doubt which has brought forth this aftermath of joy.'

Lord, make me one with Thine own faithful ones,
Thy saints who love Thee and are loved by Thee;
'Till the day break and 'till the shadows flee,
At one with them in alms and orisons;
At one with him who toils and him who runs,
And him who yearns for union yet to be;
At one with all who throng the crystal sea;
And wait the setting of our moons and suns.
—Selected.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Signatures.

What shall I sign myself,
  Loving you dearly?
What words could better be
  Than 'Yours sincerely'?
Yours by my gift of love
  Tender and real,
Yours in all work and rest
  Constant and leal;
Yours not unmeaningly,
  Not for form merely.
Yours am I, heart and hand,
  'Yours most sincerely.'

What shall I sign myself?
  Hearts have said dumbly,
In the quaint phrase of old,
  'I am, yours humbly,'
'Yours most obediently,'
  'Yours to command,'
So wrote the highest
  And best in the land:
Shall I not copy them,
Loyal and fervent?
Yours, for the love of you,
  Ever 'Your Servant.'

What shall I sign myself?
  'Faithfully yours'?
Love that is worth most
  Is love that endures.
Hackneyed by common use?
  Nay, but word fairest:
Faithfulness ever
  Is grace that is rarest.
What can say more for me
  That I intend?
'I am, yours faithfully,'
  Lover and Friend.

Words in most frequent use
  Well may prevail,
'Yours most respectfully'
  Tells its own tale;
If I should sign myself
  Only 'Yours truly,'
Would it not be enough
  Put in words duly?
When, in the smallest note,
Could I be other than
  Steadfast and true?

So, I will sign myself
  'Yours'—what you please,
'Yours,' the inclusive word,
  Meaning all these:
Yours am I evermore,
  Yours at my best,
Service, and love, and life
  Put to the test:
Yours, in a constancy
  Time cannot sever;
Yours as you will, my friend,
  Only 'Yours Ever.'

—Marianne Farningham.

Personalities.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others; There are times when we are compelled to say, 'I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man.' But when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them, and as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—'Alliance News.'

How to be Popular.

We all want it, boys as well as girls, and it's a good thing to be popular, in the best sense. Here are some good rules from an exchange:—

Be natural. People are quick to discover affectation of any kind, and have a contempt for it; so give up affectation.

Be neat. There is great charm in neatness.

Be affectionate and sympathetic, and don't be self-conscious and ashamed to show either quality.

Be home-loving and kind to all old people, poor people and children. These are both manly and womanly qualities, and all love and admire the manly boy and the womanly girl.

Don't have 'moods.' Avoid the blues. People like to know how to find a person, not to have to renew acquaintance every time they meet.

Be athletic as that means health, and then healthiness means wholesomeness.

No 3.

(Frank H. Sweet, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

'Can't go no furder,' yelled Farmer Benson, curving his mittened hands to his mouth so the words would reach the mail-carrier, five or six feet on the other side of the fence. At the same time he nodded significantly toward the road a few rods farther on, where the snow had drifted entirely across, covering the fence on either side. 'Five foot deep, an' still driftin', and plenty more places on ahead jest like it. I don't see how you got this fur. Well, we'll shovel out the gate, and then you can drive in under my shed. It's three miles back to town, an' you can't return any better than you can go ahead. I never see snow fly so fast. Mebbe it'll ease up by to-morrow so we can start to plough the roads out, but 'tain't likely you'll git the mail around under two or three days, or perhaps a week. You'll drive right in.'

The last was an assertion rather than question, but the mail-carrier thrust his head from the waggon into the storm, peering forward through the small aperture left by his upturned collar and downturned cap. His eyes looked troubled. At length he nodded relunctantly, and turned his horse's head toward the snow-blocked gate.

'Have to,' he shouted, as he sprang out and began to kick the snow from his side of the gate with his heavy boots; 'the horse couldn't pull himself through that drift, let alone the waggon.'

It was bitterly cold; and, although there had been signs for an early spring, this was by far the worst storm of the season. And so far as wind and sky were concerned, there seemed little prospect of its easing up on the morrow. Rather, with the wind in its present quarter, in this temperature, the indications were for several days' continuance.

It was trying, for this was the last day of Rural Free Delivery No. 3. The route had been started as an experiment, and had not paid, and now was to be dropped. John Holden had been one of the strongest advocates of it, and had obtained the route, leaving the oldest boy to look after the farm. The fifty dollars a month salary would enable him in a few years to stock the farm as he had wanted to stock it all his life, but had never been able to.

But it was not the pecuniary advantage alone which influenced him. He believed the route was needed, and would be a good thing for the busy farmers; and he believed that in the end it would pay. He had counted a good deal on the building of a big hotel in the mountains for substantial returns; but for some reason the opening had been postponed to another spring, and now, just when it was getting ready to be opened, the route was to be discontinued. During the six months it had been in force he had not missed a single day from his waggon, nor been an hour late.

At length the snow was cleared from sufficient space for the gate to be opened and swung back. Holden led his horse through and under the shed, then unharnessed and took him to the stable, where he fed him generously with the hay which Benson threw down from the mow. Then the two men returned to the waggon, and Holden quickly arranged his mail into a compact package.

'We'll take it right into the house,' said Benson. 'It'll be safe there till you're able to go on.'

Holden smiled, and shook his head.

'I shall go right on now,' he said. 'Mail mustn't be delayed, you know.'

'But man alive! you can't do it,' expostulated Benson incredulously. 'It's half a mile to the next house, an' that drift right ahead is up to your arm-pits, an' too soft to stand on, an' too deep to push through. You're crazy.'

'Mebbe,' laconically, 'but it's got to be done.

All this time he had been fastening the package securely upon his shoulders. Now he straightened up, taking the broken half of a rake-handle which he saw near.

'If you don't mind, I'll take this along,' he said. 'It'll help steady me some.'

Benson placed a hand upon his shoulder.

'Look here, Holden,' he said earnestly, 'don't you try it. The thing's nothing more nor less than suicide, and you know it.'

Holden met his neighbor's look squarely, and smiled.

'I don't think so,' he answered. 'I shall try to creep along the fences where it's bad, an' stick mostly to the high, windy ground across lots, where the snow'll be less deep. I would not wonder if I could make it all right. It's only half a mile to the next house, an' not more'n that between any two places, and fourteen miles around the whole route. Then there's another thing, the main one,' his face becoming grave; 'you forget the folks who are waitin' for their mail. What will it mean to them if I don't git round? Of course, I don't know much about what's in the mail; but there's the Widow Case, livin' alone, an' he son workin' up country in a mill. She's half sick, an' he don't earn much; but most of what he earns he sends to her regular, an' it generally comes about this time of the month. I know for she often lets me have it to buy things for her at the little store just beyond where she lives. I've got a letter for her this mornin'.

Mebbe 'tain't the one, but I wouldn't be surprised if she was without wood or coal to keep her warm an' a scrap to eat, an' that this letter'll fix her up all right. Then there's Johnson an' his wife, who have a son wounded in the Philippines. They're out to the box every mornin' waitin' for me. I've got a letter for them, an' it's from the Philippines. And there's Almy Rose, whose husband's off to sea, an' little Nina Clark, whose feller's up to the mines, workin' hard to earn enough to start to housekeepin'. I've got letters for both of them. An' tain't all the mail, either. I do errands for a good many. You know the Watts's, whose boy is so awful sick. They ain't nobody to send for a doctor, an' couldn't anyway through this snow. I've got some medicine for him they asked me to bring. What mightn't it mean if I didn't get there in two or three days? No, no, Benson; I wouldn't dare to stay if I wanted to. I'm only one, an' they're a good many. Good-by.'

He shook the detaining hand from his shoulder, and strode out into the storm, disappearing in the swirling snow almost before he had reached the gate.

Benson watched him gloomily. 'Mebbe he's right, an' mebbe he ain't,' he grumbled. 'I won't venture to say. Only I know he's so set that nothin' I could say would move him.'

Usually it required less than five minutes to drive between the houses; but it was two hours later when Holden struggled up on the piazza, and knocked on the door, looking more like a crudely made snow-man than anything human.

'For the land sake!' cried the woman who opened the door, 'if it isn't Mr. Holden! How'd you ever manage to get through? But come right in. You can't go on any more to-day. My folks are almost scared to go to the barn. Come,' throwing wide the door, 'don't stand there in the cold. Take your wraps off, an' set right up to the fire and warm.'

'I haven't time now, thank you,' Holden replied as soon as he could interpose a word. 'I must get on to Watt's. I have some medicine for the sick boy, an' he may need it. Here's your mail. Good-by,' and once more he strode out into the storm, disappearing in its blinding whirl even more quickly than before.

It was scarcely half a mile to Watts's, but it took him twice the time to reach it. And, when finally he stumbled up the steps, he had to pause to catch his breath before he could summon strength to knock.

'Here's your mail an' medicine,' he gasped as the door was opened. 'No, I can't stop. I'm a good deal behind time, an' must reach the Widow Case's to-night, an' Johnson's an' also Rose's. They all ain't over a quarter of a mile. The storm's something terrible. Good-by.'

When he reached the Widow Cace's, it was she who heard him fumbling about the door, and opened it, thinking it was a cat or dog wanting shelter. At first he could not speak, but he held out her letter.

'If it's the right one,' he whispered presently, T'll take it down to the store an' get your supplies in a few minutes, as soon's I'm rested. It's only a few rods.

Ten minutes later he went on to the store and purchased her supplies, bringing them back himself.

'You'll stay all night, of course,' she said anxiously. 'You're completely used up, and it won't be safe to attempt going any farther.'

'Only to Johnson's and Rose's, just beyond the store,' he answered. 'I have letters for them which I want to deliver to-night.'

The next day it was still snowing and the drifts much deeper. Although he started early and struggled through the snow until after dark, he made little more than a mile. But the third day the weather turned colder, and the moist snow crusted enough to bear one's weight. The snow changed to a bitter, driving sleet.

It was much harder travelling, but the crust enabled one to travel more swiftly. This day Holden completed his delivery, and returned to the post-office with the mail he had collected. Three days later the roads were open so he could go for his waggon. In the afternoon he went back to his farm.

Rural Free Delivery No. 3, however, was discontinued only one month. Then a letter came to the post-office and was sent out to John Holden. It read:

'Owing to more definite information in regard to Route No. 3, and to the prospect of its betterment, and more especially to the manner of the last day's delivery, the department has reconsidered the matter. The route will be continued for one year, with the possibility of being made permanent. John Holden is appointed carrier.'

The Story of Golden Sister.

Golden Sister was born and lived in China, the Chinese translation of her name being Geng-Mue. But though she had a pretty name, she was a very unhappy little girl. When quite a child she was sold to a woman who wanted a wife for her son. As her boy-husband grew older he treated her unkindly and roughly, for in China they think girls and women are of no account. Golden Sister had to pass through a time of great suffering when her feet were bound, to make them what the Chinese consider the correct size for a woman. Her toes were crushed and broken more and more each day, and you can imagine how that would hurt; but these poor heathen people don't know any better until they have been taught, and so thousands of little children are suffering untold misery.

One day a missionary came to the house where Golden Sister lived, and told them about the true and loving God, who wanted to make they good and happy. Golden Sister's mother-in-law listened, and for a while gave up her idols, but, alas, soon went back to them. It is easy to start following God, but hard to keep steadily on. One day, on waking up, the mother found herself nearly blind. Her friends put it all down to the visit of the missionary, saying they knew harm would come to all those who listened to the 'worshipping-God-person.' They quarrelled about it, and in trying to separate them Golden Sister was knocked down, and her arm badly hurt.

For eighteen months it was allowed to get worse and worse, and nothing was done for the poor girl, whose health became quite broken. How different is this to the treatment that you receive. Why you do not have to wait eighteen minutes when you hurt yourself before something is done to help you!

Having a bad arm, Golden Sister could not do much work, and, in addition to the pain, she was each day taunted with being useless. Her husband hoped she would die, but as she did not, and her crying annoyed him, he just thought he would take her to the 'healing-sickness sister' (as they called the medical missionary), and leave her there until she was cured, and able to come home and cook his rice.

Poor girl, she stood before the missionary sobbing and crying, 'For me have pity,' fearing to look up, and not thinking that anyone could possibly want to love and help her.

She was sent to the hospital, but was a rather trying patient. She was delighted at the kindness she received, but refused to have a necessary operation performed on her arm. Each day she was taught about Jesus and his love for her, but though she listened attentively, all she would promise was, 'If my arm gets well, I will worship the true God.'

Don't you think that sometimes you and I act just like this? We want to go our own way and do just as we like, and yet we expect God to bless us as much as he does those who are truly walking in his ways. We as good as say, 'If God will give me what I want, then I will love and serve him.' Let us learn a lesson from Golden Sister.

Of course her arm did not get cured, as she continued to hold out against the operation. One day her husband appeared at the hospital, and said he had heard of a god who could cure his wife's arm. Geng-Mue believed him and went to seek this wonderful idol.

For some months the missionary lost sight of her, but was one day able to visit her own home. The mother-in-law opened the door. 'May I see Geng-Mue,' he asked, but before the mother had time to reply an eager voice from within begged him to enter. There in a very dirty room (the Chinese think if they clean their houses it will disturb air and water spirits!) lay Golden Sister. She was very weak and ill. For months she had tried cures which gave her great pain and only made her worse, and now she was dying. But a very happy thing had taken place. Finding how useless had been the idols to help or comfort her during the nineteen years she had spent on earth, she had now made up her mind to worship the true God. All her wilfulness had broken down, but the Doctor had not been sent for, and it was now too late to cure her. Her mother-in-law said that instead of crying and complaining, Geng-Mue was now quite happy and contented, and loved to sing over and over again the hymns she had learnt at the hospital. One of her favorite ones was, 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' Most of you children have sung this hymn many times. I wonder if you understand its meaning in the same way that Golden Sister did! If so, it will make you glad and happy, too.

Before she died, she asked her family to gather round her bed, and pleaded with them to give up their idols, and worship the true God, and we hope that some, at least, will do so.

So ended Golden Sister's life, but it was such a happy end, that we need not be sorry for her, but only need to pray that many others all the world over may learn the secret of her happiness.

Closer yet, and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet and wider shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

—The 'Christian.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Duzhupleze.

The strangest country between the seas
Was the curious kingdom of Duzhupleze,
And the greatest wonders in all this land
For the walls leaned in and the gates leaned out,
And the pathways doubled and wound about.
They were weird and dazzling, first to last;
A wonderful charm was o'er them cast;
And men grew merry in heart and brain
Who went to walk in a crooked lane.

So they laughed and sang until they found
'Twas an evil spell their steps had bound;
Their tongues were thick when the hour grew late;
They cursed and quarrelled in fiercest hate;
While the pathways seemed to writhe and spin,
And the gates leaned out though the walls leaned in;
But none by one, ere the break of day,
Through the treacherous gates they found their way,
And weak and dizzy, and sick with pain,
They staggered home from the crooked lane.

Now every lane has an end in view,
And so had these, as all men knew;
But no one ever intends to go
To the end of such, as all men know.
They meant to walk just a little way,
But the spell grew on them day by day,
They were drawn to a path of pain and shame,
As the moth is drawn to the torturing flame,
Though they knew there were paupers, and men insane,
And prisons and graves, at the end of the lane,

The queer old king of Duzhupleze
Beheld these things, but he loved his ease;
So he said, 'The danger is plain as day;
Sure, none but fools will walk that way;
I'm hampered and harassed, early and late,
With the rule of the realm and the cares of state.
I'm sorry to see their pain, but still
These poor, blind fools must do as they will;
Their loss will be but the kingdom's gain,
If they chose to walk in a crooked lane.'

But the crooked lanes spread far and near;
So the old king sent for his grand vizier,
And commanded him to devise and say
How this terrible curse should be done away.
Now the grand vizier was a moderate man,
And bound to favor the easiest plan,
And so he said, in the course of his talk,
'We can't prescribe how a man shall walk;
But if the evil has grown too great,
'Twere best to restrict and regulate,
And to fill your purse with easy gains,
By a heavy tax on the crooked lanes.'

'Twas done as the grand vizier had said,
But the crooked lanes still grew and spread;
And those who walked in their fatal maze
Sought other and various crooked ways;
Till, under the blight of this awful curse,
The kingdom was going from bad to worse;
And the king was stricken with doubt and fear
When his generals and his grand vizier,
By their speech and action, made it plain
That they sometimes walked in a crooked lane.

Though the good old king of Duzhupleze
Was merry and kind, and loved his ease,
It was more than even he could bear
When at last, one day, the royal heir
Came staggering home with a maudlin shout,
And an idiot smile, as he reeled about.
The grand vizier was called in a trice,
But the king was not in need of advice,
'I'll give you a month, at most!' he said,
'Down with these lanes, and off with your head!
For I'll confiscate your worthless brains
If you fail to abolish these crooked lanes!'

How this was done I cannot say,
How the grand vizier made no delay;
He proved to the king and all the nation
That his brains were worthy of preservation:
For in place of every crooked lane
He planted a garden or field of grain;
While men who had clamored with all their might
To do as they chose, now chose to do right;
And the happiest country between the seas
Was the glorious kingdom of Duzhupleze.
—Eudora S. Bumstead, in 'Youth's Companion.'

Hindering Peculiarities.

Many a youth has been hampered because of peculiarities which he has allowed to creep into his personality or manner which, if realized by himself, might easily have been pruned and trained, had he only been taught the secret of habit forming.

Young people do not easily realize how much a pleasant and agreeable manner has to do with success. Everybody likes to be surrounded by agreeable people, of gentlemanly manners; not by those who are gruff, uncouth, peculiar, and disagreeable. We are all looking for sunshine and harmony in this world; we try to avoid the dark, damp, and dismal places, and shrink from harsh, disagreeable discordant surroundings.

Even commanding ability will not always counterbalance disagreeable peculiarities. Young men and women often wonder why they lose their situations, when they have a good education, ability, and valuable experience. It is very often due to some striking peculiarity or unpleasant mannerism, which the employer does not like to speak about, and he finds some other excuse for filling the position with a more agreeable person.

Employers do not like to have morose or gloomy people about them; they like bright, cheerful, buoyant, sunshiny natures that look toward the light. Sarcastic, ironical employees —those who are always insinuating, finding fault, and making innuendoes—are never popular. Stubborn, obstinate, self-welled people who always want their own way, and are selfish about everything, are not wanted; the over-bold, the egotistical—those who are always bragging about what they have done and can do—are also not in favor with employers. The tattlers—those who are always meddling and making mischief among employees—and those who are always complaining, are among the people who never get on.—'Success.'

Cairngorms.

There is a mountain in Scotland called Cairngorm—literally 'the blue mountain'—and on it are found valuable rock crystals. The way in which the Highlanders gather the stones called Cairngorms is this: When there is a sunburst after a violent shower they go and look along the whole brow of the mountain for certain sparkling spots; the shower has washed away the loose earth, the sunbeams light upon and are reflected from the stones and thus they are detected. It is just God's way of bringing forth his own—his 'jewels.' Affliction lays them bare.—Cumming.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Oct., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

A Lot of 'Kates.'

Kate is a good pleader—Advocate.
Kate judges judiciously—Adjudicate.
Kate is apt to use other people's money wrongfully—Defalcate.
Kate is very frail—Delicate.
Kate sometimes gets out of joint—Dislocate.
Kates makes everything double—Duplicate.
Kate loves to teach—Educate.
Kates takes out ink spots—Eradicate.
Kate helps people out of difficulties—Extricate.
Kate is good at construction—Fabricate.
Kates gives pledge of security—Hypothecate.
Kates sometimes involves evil—Imprecate.
Kate is perplexing, hard to understand—Intricate.
Kates often prays earnestly—Supplicate.
Kate makes wheels run easily—Lubricate.
Kate uses her teeth—Masticate.
Kate is not always truthful—Prevaricate.
Kate can foretell events—Prognosticate.
Kate makes affirmative—Authenticate.
Kate gets smothered—Suffocate.
Kate points out clearly—Indicate.
Kate makes business combination—Syndicate.
Kate goes into the country—Rusticate.
Kate will move out—Vacate.

The Lady From the City.

(Helen A. Hawley, in 'Onward.')

'A week!' Sarah Langford exclaimed in consternation.

'A week!' Letty echoed, with double emphasis. 'You mean over a train or two, mother.'

'No, I do not, daughters mine, I mean just what I say. I want to invite her for a week.' Mrs. Langford held an open letter, from which she quoted. 'Listen. Mrs. Sheldon writes: "I am to start on the 30th for a winter in California, and one of the dear wishes often made is to make you a call en route. If it will discommode you in the least, please tell me frankly.'

'Discommode!' Sarah muttered. 'I should think so!'

'She says, "a call"—that isn't a week,' Letty commented.

The mother still smiled, though a little sadly. 'I thought my girls were more hospitable. Betty Sheldon was my dearest girl friend. She was Betty Van Denberg then, and I was Sally Varnick. How we prided ourselves on our Dutch blood, and vowed we'd never take English names—foolish young things we were!' Mrs. Langford's eyes grew reminiscent. 'I have visited her once in all these years; since then we are both widows. My dearies, I'm sure a week together would be a bit of heart's-ease to us both. Mayn't we have it?'

The girls looked ashamed at this appeal.

'Why, of course, mother,' Sarah said, 'we didn't intend to dictate.'

'We just saw the difficulties,' Letty gave her mother a whimsical glance. 'Entertaining a lady from the city! You've told us many a time how palatially she lived—a dozen servants, while we've none, except the likes of these.' She dropped the dish-mop and held up her hands, rosy from the ascending steam.

'More trustworthy than hers were, I'm very proud to affirm,' the mother answered.

'And we'll have to give some kind of a party or reception for her. Society women don't like to stay several days in a place without some fuss made over them. My! I expect her gowns would trail into the front yard; we haven't a room large enough to accommodate them!'

Mrs. Langford laughed at the exaggeration.

She was a woman who ruled her own house with firm, though gentle, sway, and she understood these daughters of hers. After the first embarrassments of the situation had been freely aired, they would throw themselves heartily into her plans.

'Well,' she asked, 'am I to send Mrs. Sheldon a cordial invitation for a week, or shall I mail her a time-table with the quickest connection marked?'

'You dear, absurd mother! To be sure you will invite her, seeing you want her. If she doesn't like our frugal fare, doubtless she can invent some excuses to cut short her visit. Sarah disdained what she considered the usual fashionable fib.

'The spare room has a feather-bed,' mused Letty aloud. 'We can't afford to buy a mattress, not even an Ostermoor, much less a hair one. Those we sleep on are too lumpy and too humpy to lend; they ache to be made over, and the ticks have come to mending. I wonder if she'll like feathers?' A hint of malicious emphasis on the 'like.'

Mrs. Langford's face sobered. 'I hadn't thought of that,' she confessed. 'It is the first real difficulty. I couldn't ask her to be uncomfortable seven nights. Let me think.' Mrs. Langford was a person who could find a way. The girls waited.

'I know now. I've heard of an improvized mattress, and they say it makes a most agreeable bed. There are fully two yards left of that new, wide matting—I bought enough to patch with. We'll make the feather-bed as smooth and even and flat as possible. Over that we'll lay a width of matting, and on the matting we'll spread the softest, thickest comforter. The springs are in good order. Take my word, it'll be luxurious.'

'She'll be sure to find it out. The sheets won't always stay tucked in.'

'What if she does? Betty Sheldon knows we're poor, and we're not going to pose as anything else. But we are going to give her a rich heart-welcome. Now I'll write the invitation.'

'Mother looks five years younger,' Sarah said, as Mrs. Langford went to her desk.

'Dear mother! I really begin to anticipate the lady from the city. Do you suppose she'll wear her hair pompadour? They say that's going out. It'll be rather nice to see a live fashion-book once.'

'You frivolous Letty! You forget she's as old as mother. No matter how stylish she is, her styles won't suit us.' There was a wide space between nineteen and forty-two, in Sarah's estimation.

Apparently the lady from the city had good sense. When the carriage left her at Mrs. Langford's door—for the little station was half a mile away—no procession of baggage waggons piled with Saratogas followed. One trunk of fair proportions had seemed ample for a week's wardrobe. Nor was it necessary to explain that others had gone forward by express across the continent.

Mrs. Langford took her friend in charge after the first greetings, while Sarah and Letty went to give final touches to the tea-table.

'She isn't like what I imagined,' Letty said. 'I expected she'd be proud and stately. Mother is as dignified as she is, and every bit as good looking. From a brief survey, I call the lady from the city nice! I don't believe I'll be afraid to ask her about her dresses in a day or two!'

'Better look out for your own, Letty.' Sarah was more matter-of-fact. 'You're perilously near spilling that salad dressing on your own sleeve. 'Twould be too bad to spoil your nice waist, besides having to come down to plain vinegar on the lettuce the first night.'

Upstairs the tongues were not so glib. Eyes smiling through mists looked into each other's depths, as the two clasped hands. So much had gone into, or perhaps gone out of, these women's lives since they met last.

'What sweet, beautiful girls yours are, Sally! You are rich in them. My wealth often seems poverty, now that my husband and my boy are not with me.' Mrs. Sheldon spoke with that frankness which at once established the old relation between them. Both had learned that 'Man does not live by bread alone.' It is a wonderfully equalizing lesson.

'Not that I mean to repine,' she continued, cheerily. 'How much Letty looks as you used to!'

'Yes,' Mrs. Langford answered, caressing the hand she held, 'yet she is really more like her father in constitution. The girls are both very healthy, I am thankful to say, but Sarah has my old-time endurance.'

Over-night guests were a rarity in that cottage home. 'Do you suppose mother'll be afraid to have prayers?' Letty whispered to Sarah, the first thing when she awoke the next morning. It was another 'difficulty' presenting itself.

'Afaid?' There was a touch of scorn in the word. 'Was mother ever afraid to do her duty?'

All the same, Letty watched and admired, as with her usual serenity Mrs. Langford read the Word, and offered prayer, with a kindly, special mention of her friend's presence. She watched the friend, too, and heard her low, 'Thank you, Sally,' as they rose from their knees. Then and there Letty capitulated to the charm of the woman whom money had not spoiled.

Their mother beguiled her guest for an hour, and when Mrs. Sheldon sought her room she found it in perfect order. By that time she knew there was no servant.

'They shall not get the start of me another morning. I know how to make a bed—or I did once,' she thought; and the next morning Letty confided rather ruefully to Sarah: 'She's found out the secret. She's made it herself.'

'Made what?' Sarah stared.

'The bed—of course.'

Just then the sweet, clear voice was heard from the sitting-room: 'I never slept better; but, do you know, Sally, I was so delighted to find my bed had a feather foundation. Last night was quite crisp, and I did want to try sinking back into the feather. It brought back the dear old home, and my room with the sloping roof. I had a good mind to call you to come and sleep with me, or lie awake and talk as we did many times when we were girls. Would it have been too silly?'

'Silly! O Betty!'

The girls listened involuntarily.

'To think I objected to her coming!' Sarah said.

(To be continued.)

Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

Helpfulness.

Why go through life with a frown on the brow
While the world so much needs a smile?
For everywhere are sorrows to share,
And every heart has its load of care,
Which you, with a smile, may help it to bear
And bring sweet coming awhile.

Why journey along through life's thorny path
And ever withhold a helping hand,
When along the road, are those with a load,
Who, may hap are reaping what they have sowed,
But who yet may reach a higher abode,
And, through you, the better land?

Then bestow a smile and a helping hand
As you go through a sorrowing world;
And angels above, perceive your love,
Will carry the news like a message-dove,
To the ears of the one who rules above,
Ere the banner of life is furled.

Wallace A. Small.

Crystallized Grasses.

Grasses may be crystallized as follows:—Place a saucepan partly filled with water on the stove and in it dissolve enough alum to make it of sufficient density to bear an egg. Let this boil. Take off the saucepan and lay your grasses (dried and tied in bunches to suit the fancy) in the water. When the water is perfectly cold lift out the bouquets and you will find them a mass of beautiful crystal.—Exchange.

Eliminating the Obvious.

When Mrs. Russel and Rosamund were, by a misfortune, left nearly penniless, their friends looked at each other in consternation.

'What "will" they do?' they exclaimed. 'There is Mrs. Russel practically an invalid, and as for Rosamund—she has never lifted a finger for herself in her life. She will be so helpless, poor girl!'

But for a helpless girl, Rosamund proved remarkably energetic. She and her mother moved at once into a small flat, and then Rosamund secured a position in a bookshop.

One day one of her old acquaintances went in to see her.

'Isn't it dreadful, you poor thing?' she asked, sympathetically.

'What is dreadful?' Rosamund returned.

'Why, being in a shop—the hours and work and the people you have to wait on, and everything.'

'Oh, that!' Rosamund laughed. 'I don't think of that part of it at all. You see, there are so many other things to think of instead. I'm really getting Joe—he's the little wrapper boy—so that he likes to lift his hat to me, and Mary Dennis is beginning to be interested in books, though she doesn't suspect it in the least. And it's such fun to help bewildered ladies to find out what they want, and to beguile girls from cheap novels to good ones, and help boys to know the real heroes of life. I've been making discoveries, you see.'

In a recent book a well-known hunter declared to a mystified young woman that the secret of seeing deer is 'the elimination of the obvious.' It is the secret of other and greater successes, no less. Anyone can see the obvious—the common tasks, troubles, inconveniences, disappointments, of difficult places; to set one's mind free from these, to search instead for the joys and opportunities which they conceal—this is one of the great victories of life. —'Christian Age.'

Parental Devotion of a Thrush.

A cat having destroyed a nest of thrushes, and carried off the young birds in sight of the parents, has since become an object of peculiar attention on the part of the latter.

Whenever pussy appears in the garden the mother bird, ever on the watch, flies round the cat uttering discordant notes; but, strangest thing of all, she drops worms and such other food, with which she would feed her young, within reach of the cat, evidently under the impression that the fledgelings are being taken care of, and that the cat will carry the food to them.

Aunt Paulina's Nose.

One day, when Cecilia Barrett went to eat her dinner with her grandmother, she talked a great deal about a little sachet she had lost.

'It was a lovely perfume, grandmother,' she said, 'and the dearest little blue silk case—a kind of a pale blue—just lovely. But'—she shook her head slowly—'I know well enough where it is. Can I have another piece of pie, grandmother? We never have this kind. I know well enough Ruth Pettingill's—well, I'll say found it; for she smells just like it and you can't deceive my nose.'

Grandfather laughed as he pushed back his chair. 'Please excuse me, Calista,' he said, 'but don't let Cecilia go until you've told her about her great-great-aunt Paulina's nose. She may have inherited it.'

'Grandfather loves to make fun,' sighed Cecilia, as he went out; and grandmother began to gather up the forks and spoons and put them into the pitcher of hot water.

'Your great-great-aunt Paulina,' she said—'please hand your grandfather's cup and saucer, Cely—was your grandfather's aunt. You may have seen her picture in some old album, but she died before you were born. She was always discovering some wonderful thing that never was except in her imagination.'

The little girl at the end of the table grew a trifle pinker than before; but grandmother wiped a spoon composedly and went on without looking at her.

One winter her brother Ezra took in a poor, friendless boy from the state reform school. The boy's name was Henry. Uncle Ezra and his wife were kind to him and he lived with them for years and made a good man; but that first winter Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline were both called away suddenly one day and Aunt Paulina went to keep house. The next day she came over here and began to talk about Henry. 'He'd cleaned out the doughnut pot before I got there,' she said; 'and I can't find out what he's done with 'em, either. He can't have eaten 'em all, for Caroline always makes a pot full.' We asked her how she knew there were any, but she said she smelled them. 'Just made,' says she, 'when I got there. Ezra and Caroline hadn't been gone an hour and she must have fried them the last thing. I know doughnuts when I smell 'em,' she said.

'She stayed there a week and she hunted for those doughnuts all the time. Henry was a timid boy, used to a very strict rule and to being found fault with, and he was so afraid of her he wouldn't go into the house if he could help it. He ate scarcely anything, and that made her feel still surer that he had a hoard of doughnuts hidden away. He thought she was crazy, she talked so much to him about eating on the sly and confessing his sins, and we were afraid he would run away. but Uncle Ezra and Aunt Caroline came home at the end of the week and then Aunt Paulina went home, but not until she had found out about the doughnuts.'

'Did the boy take them?' Cecilia had finished the pie and was listening eagerly.

Grandmother laughed softly as she settled the spoons in the holder. 'There were not any to take. Aunt Caroline had put the pot of doughnut fat on to heat when the

message came that her brother was sick and she put it away again without making the doughnuts.'

'She did smell them, then,' said Cecilia. 'She had a pretty good nose, after all.'

'She smelt a little fat,' replied grandmother, gravely. 'But, as Uncle Ezra said, an eggshell in your dooryard doesn't prove that one of your hens has hatched a big flock of chickens and that your next-door neighbor has stolen them all. Now, I don't know anything about Ruth Pettingill's sachet, but, if you will look in the little upper left-hand drawer in your grandfather's desk, you will find yours. I picked it up on the floor after you had gone home Saturday.'

'I'm very glad to get it again,' Cecilia said, slowly, a minute or two later, her nose buried in the sachet. She seated herself on the sofa and watched her grandmother. 'Grandmother,' she said, presently, 'are you going to say, "Now you see"?'

'No,' grandmother smiled. 'If you can't see and remember for yourself it isn't much use to do it for you.'—'Sunday-School Visitor.'

The Squirrel and the Farmer.

The farmer had been trying for half an hour to get a shot at a black squirrel with his gun, when the sprightly little animal came half way down the tree and said:

'My friend, you will have to be a much better sportsman than you are to send a bullet near me. You are only wasting your time.'

'I think you are too smart for me,' the farmer remarked, sitting on a log near by.

'You may as well give it up,' said the squirrel. 'I have not only a hiding place in the top of the tree, but in a hollow limb, in which I have my nest. I have come down just now to have a little chat with you. I was of great benefit to you last summer.'

In what way?' asked the farmer.

'I ate as many as one hundred crows' eggs. I like all kinds of birds' eggs, but crows' eggs are my favorite; besides, I broke up three chicken-hawks' nests last summer by eating their eggs. I think you should be very grateful to me instead of wishing to hunt me down with your gun. I also ate grubs that prey upon your crops. Now I must tell you a little story of myself. I can make long jumps. I can jump through the air much better than the rabbit can jump on the ground. You may have seen me jump from limb to limb.'

'I have,' replied the farmer, 'many times.'

'There is not a nut I cannot crack, and were I to bite your hand it would cripple you for weeks.'

'I have heard,' said the farmer, 'that you store up bushels and bushels of nuts for the winter.'

'Oh, that's an old woman's story,' laughed the squirrel. 'When the nuts are plentiful we store up a few, but not bushels or even quarts. We are out in the winter as well as the summer. We store up nuts in case of bad weather when the snow is extra deep or a rainy day; then we don't have to leave our warm nests. I sometimes eat a few ears of your corn when hungry, but I make good for the loss in other ways.'—'Catholic News.'

Astragali, or Knuckle-Bones.

Long ago favorite playthings of boys and girls in Greece and Rome were astragali, or knuckle-bones. The astragalus or knuckle-bone is the name of a bone which helps to form the ankle-joint of the hind leg of cloven-footed animals, such as sheep, goats, and antelopes.

The game was played by two persons, who used four bones, which they threw up into the air or emptied out of a box. Different numbers were marked on the four sides of the bones, and the player getting the highest number as shown on the upper side of the bones won the game.

In the British Museum there is a pretty little group of two girls playing at this game. It is made of terra-cotta (Italian words meaning baked earth) and was dug up at Capua, a city in Italy built by the Etruscans eight hundred years before the time of Christ.

Though the terra-cotta was made at least two thousand years ago, only the fingers of the right hand of one of the girls are broken off, and her hair is as red as ever.

The Quest of Lazy-Lad.

(By L. M. Montgomery.)

Have you heard the tale of Lazy-Lad
Who dearly loved to shirk.
For he 'hated' his lessons and 'hated' his tasks,
And he 'hated' to have to work?
So he sailed away on a summer day
Over the ocean blue;
Said Lazy-Lad, 'I will seek till I find
The Land of Nothing-to-do.

'For that is a jolly land I know,
With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow
Till he doesn't know where to turn.
And I'm told the folks in that splendid place
May frolic the whole year through,
So everybody good-by—I'm off
For the Land of Nothing-to-do!'

So Lazy-Lad he sailed to the west
And then to the east sailed he,
And he sailed north and he sailed south
Over many a league of sea,
And many a country fair and bright
And busy came into view;
But never, alas, could he find the coast
Of the Land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy-Lad sailed back again,
And a wiser lad was he,
For he said, 'I've wandered to every land
That is in the geography,
And in each and all I've found that folks
Are busy the whole year through,
And everybody in every place
Seemed to have something to do.

'So it must be the best way after all
And I mean to stay on shore
And learn my lessons and do my tasks
And be lazy-lad no more.
The busiest folks are the happiest,
And what mother said was true,
For I've found out there is no such place
As the Land of Nothing-to-do.'
—'Congregationalist.'

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LESSON III.—OCTOBER 15, 1905.

Returning From Captivity.

Ezra i., 1-11.

Golden Text.

The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Ps. cxxv., 3.

Home Readings.

Monday, Oct. 9.—Ezra i., 1-11.
Tuesday, Oct. 10.—Ezra ii., 61-70.
Wednesday, Oct. 11.—Ps. 126.
Thursday, Oct. 12.—Jer. xxv., 1-14.
Friday, Oct. 13.—Jer. xxix., 8-19.
Saturday, Oct. 14.—Jer. xxx., 15-24
Sunday, Oct. 15.—Jer. xxxi., 1-14.

(R. M. Kurtz.)

INTRODUCTION.

Our studies in the history of the Hebrew people have shown their downward trend toward the extinction of their national life. True, there were periods when revivals occurred, when the nation showed a disposition to turn away from idolatry to God. But, taking a view of the whole history, we see several distinct steps marking the downward way.

You will remember, in the first place, that the people persisted in wanting a king, until God granted the wish, though warning them of the consequences.

Then, after three kings had ruled, a foolish young man came to the throne, and by his rashness so angered his subjects that ten tribes revolted and set up a kingdom of their own.

After a troubled history, this northern kingdom of Israel was swept away and the fate of the ten tribes is one of the mysteries of history, which men ponder to this day.

At last came the Babylonian captivity, which marked the close of Judah's independent existence also, as a kingdom.

But the history of the Jews reveals a very striking fact; God might destroy the nation as such, but the people were still the objects of his love and care. Away to Babylon went the best that were left of the nation, there to undergo severe discipline in the land of their captivity for seventy years. Yet God was preparing them to return to their own land again.

Physical captivity meant spiritual liberty, for by this means were the people to learn the emptiness of idolatry. The prophets had foretold this return; even before the captivity mention had been made of the time we are now studying. See Isa. xl.-xlvi.; Jer. xxv., 12; xxix., 10, and Ezek. xi., 20, 36, 37. A study of these prophets reveals the promise not only of the return, but of the preparation of the hearts of the people for it.

GOD IN HISTORY.

1. 'Now in the first year of Cyrus, king of Persia, that the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah might be fulfilled, the Lord stirred up the spirit of Cyrus, king of Persia, that he made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, and put it also in writing, saying.'

The great lessons of history are not learned by the study of separate events, but by taking them together and observing their relation and meaning. For example, there are many things in the history of the times just before the birth of Christ, which, studied separately, have no apparent bearing on that event or its consequences. If they are all considered together, however, they delight and amaze us as they reveal the great scheme of events and progress whereby the world was prepared for the advent of Christ and the rapid spread of his Gospel.

So in the history of the captivity. We find, for instance, that the king who took Judah captive followed the policy of taking inhabitants of conquered nations from their homes. This afforded the means whereby Judah was punished in Babylon.

Again the new King Cyrus, who conquered Babylon, reversed this policy, and thus supplied the human means for the return of the Jews, at the close of the seventy years.

In this verse we find God's influence more immediately, as he 'stirred up the spirit' of Cyrus to send the people home.

THE KING'S PROCLAMATION.

2. 'Thus saith Cyrus, king of Persia, The Lord God of Heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth; and he hath charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah.

3. 'Who is there among you of all his people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, which is in Judah, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel, (he is the God), which is in Jerusalem.

4. 'And whosoever remaineth in any place where he sojourneth, let the men of his place help him with silver, and with gold, and with goods, and with beasts, besides the freewill offering for the house of God that is in Jerusalem.'

The remarkable utterance of Cyrus in verse second is in striking accord with the words of Isaiah, uttered several generations before the exile began:

'That saith of Cyrus, He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure: even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundation shall be laid.

'Thus saith the Lord to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden, to subdue nations before him;

'I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron:

'For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect. I have even called thee by thy name; I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.'

After giving free and full permission to the Jews to return, we notice that he commands that offerings for the temple were to be given to the returning Jews by their neighbors in Babylon. This carrying of gifts back to the Holy Land recalls the departure from Egypt: Exodus xii., 35, 36.

THE TREASURE CARRIED BACK.

5. 'Then rose up the chief of the fathers of Judah and Benjamin, and the priests, and the Levites, with all them whose spirit God had raised, to go up to build the house of the Lord which is in Jerusalem.

6. 'And all they that were about them strengthened their hands with vessels of silver, with gold, with goods, and with beasts, and with precious things, beside all that was willingly offered.

7. 'Also Cyrus the king brought forth the vessels of the house of the Lord, which Nebuchadnezzar had brought forth out of Jerusalem, and had put them in the house of his gods;

8. 'Even those did Cyrus king of Persia bring forth by the hand of Mithredath the treasurer, and numbered them unto Sheshbazzar, the prince of Judah.

9. 'And this is the number of them: thirty chargers of gold, a thousand chargers of silver, nine and twenty knives.

10. 'Thirty basons of gold, silver basons of a second sort four hundred and ten, and other vessels a thousand.

11. 'All the vessels of gold and of silver were five thousand and four hundred. All these did Sheshbazzar bring up with them of the captivity that were brought up from Babylon unto Jerusalem.'

The remaining verses of the lesson deal mainly with the treasure that was given the people for the temple they were to build when Jerusalem was again reached. Beasts of burden for the journey were also supplied.

Cyrus also brought from the heathen temple of his idols the many vessels which had been taken from the temple at Jerusalem when the city fell, and restored them to the Jews.

The items given in verses 9 and 10 amount to 2,499, while verse 11 speaks of 5,400. It is probable that the more important only were thus classified while all sorts of vessels, together amounted to the latter number.

'Sheshbazzar, the prince of Judah,' this was the Persian name of Zerubabbel, who laid the foundation of the new temple later.

The lesson for Oct. 22 is 'Rebuilding the Temple.' Ezra iii., 10; iv., 5.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Oct. 15.—Topic—Better work our society should do. Heb. vi., 7-12, 13, 20, 21.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Monday, Oct. 9.—'Nor drunkards.' I. Cor. vi., 9, 10.

Tuesday, Oct. 10.—'Woe unto them.' Isa. v., 11.

Wednesday, Oct. 11.—'Erred through wine.' Isa. xxviii., 7.

Thursday, Oct. 12.—'Rioting and drunkenness.' Rom. xiii., 12-14.

Friday, Oct. 13.—'Take heed to yourselves.' Luke xxi., 34.

Saturday, Oct. 14.—'Watch and be sober.' I. Thess. v., 6-8.

Sunday, Oct. 15.—Topic—A strong argument against drinking. Gal. v., 21. (Temperance Meeting.

Did You?

Did you ever waste an opportunity
To say a kind word?
To do a kind deed?
To help some one?
To learn something useful?
To go to Sunday school?
To ask some one who doesn't go to Sunday school to go?
To encourage speaking well of others?
To discourage speaking ill of others?
To show your disapproval of all unladylike and ungentlemanly words and acts?
To stand up for the right?
To fight against the wrong?
To use your pennies where they will do good?

Did you ever waste a penny, a minute, a word, or an act?

If you ever did, what are you going to do about it?

A suggestion: Sometimes it happens when you have lost a thing and can't find it again, if you try hard you can find another just like it; and the second one is taken much more care of and put to better use than the first.—The 'Myrtle.'

Curse cards are being used in Switzerland and Germany to check profanity. People go about with the cards in their pockets and whenever they hear bad language present one to the swearer to sign. The card has printed on it a pledge to abstain from swearing for a specified time, or to pay a small fine for each oath to some charity. Nearly 40,000 of these cards have been distributed in Switzerland alone.—'Ram's Horn.'

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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Make Room for Prohibition.

(Read at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Temple at Napa.)

Twas just a few short years ago,
Here, where our hearts are now aglow,
Such speeches had not dared to flow;
No room for Prohibition!
None dared offend the liquor power,
The very churches seemed to cower,
Nor dared its foe to shield one hour—
No room for Prohibition!

Up rose at last one sturdy soul
Who would not brook the fiend's control,
This motto blazoned on his scroll,
'Make room for Prohibition!'
He toiled, he strove, he would not stay
He made all obstacles give way,
A temple rose where one might pray,
'Make room for Prohibition!'

And lo, that Temple standing fair,
Breathed purity upon the air,
That spirit kindled others there;
Made room for Prohibition;
Torch kindled torch, heart answered heart,
Numb conscience wakened with a start,
That Temple filled in every part,
Made room for Prohibition.

And so we gather here to-day,
Another corner-stone to lay,
'Hip, hip, hurrah!' we proudly say,
'More room for Prohibition.'
More room! The country's waking fast!
The danger's recognized at last,
Our gags are all behind us cast;
'More room for Prohibition!'

And soon, yes, soon will come the day,
When all the land shall swell the lay—
When, turn your eyes where'er you may,
All!—all's for Prohibition!
When liquor-selling, classed the same
As murder, theft, or deeds of shame,
Shall fail one weak excuse to frame,
God speed thee, Prohibition!

'Pacific Ensign.'

A Terrible Charge.

'Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?'

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court-room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard anywhere, and the situation had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move; his head was raised, his hands were clenched, and the blood was rushing into his pale, care-worn face. His teeth were firmly set, and into his eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and in a low, firm voice, said:

'I have! Your honor, you have asked me a question, and I now ask the last favor on earth that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

'I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned from one of my prolonged debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly, inhuman deed, I have no right to complain of, or condemn, the verdict of twelve good men, who have acted as a jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence.

'But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am not alone responsible for the murder of my wife.'

This startling statement created a tremendous sensation. The judge leaned over the desk. The lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly repress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice:

'I repeat, your honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, and most of the witnesses, are also guilty before Almighty God, and will have to appear before his judgment throne, where we shall be righteously judged.

'If twenty men conspire together for the murder of one person, the law of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not for one-twentieth of a crime.

'I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons in my town, I would never have become a drunkard; I would not be here now, ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human traps set out with the consent of the government, I would have been a sober man, an industrious workmen, a tender father, and a loving husband; but to-day my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, my little children—God bless them—cast out upon the cruel mercy of the cold world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State in which I live.

'God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in my open pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, consuming, agonizing, appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care, and sympathy of the church of Jesus Christ.

'For one year our town was without a saloon. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our home was a perfect paradise.

'I was one of those who signed remonstrances against re-opening the saloons in our town. The names of half of this jury can be found to-day on that petition, certifying to the good moral character of these rum-sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case is one that so eloquently pleaded with the court for the license, and the judge who now sits on this bench, and who asks me if I have anything to say before the sentence of death is passed upon me, granted the license.'

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and many of the spectators, and some lawyers, were moved to tears.

The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

'No, no, your honor; do not close my lips. They are the last words I shall utter on this earth.

'I began my downward career at a saloon bar—legalized and protected by the commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from the poor, deluded victims. After the State had made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of justice—by the same power of law that legalized the first bar, and now the law power will conduct me to the place of execution, and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God—and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have wilfully and deliberately murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are to-day in operation, with your consent.

'All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor of this nation is responsible for nearly all the bloodshed, murders, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness, and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husbands and fathers to the prison and the gallows, and drives countless mothers and children out into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

'This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by parties which you sustain by your ballots: and yet some of you have the audacity to say that you are in favor of prohibiting the traffic, while your votes go in the ballot-box with those of the rum-sellers and the worst elements of the land in favor of continuing the business! Every year you are given the opportunity of voting against this soul and body-destroying business, and wash your hands of all responsibility for the fearful results of the liquor traffic; but instead, you inform the government, by your votes, that you are perfectly satisfied with the present condition of things, and that they shall continue.

'You legalize the saloons that made me a drunkard and murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

'Your honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of this State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open your blind eyes to the truth, to your own individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic.—'Beebe Times.'

Fifty-Seven Years Ago.

'It is fifty-seven ago since the strongest medical declaration against alcohol in any country was published in England, and that declaration was signed by 2,000 medical men in Great Britain, in Ireland, and in India. It said, amongst other things, "We believe that total and universal abstinence from alcoholic and intoxicating liquors of all kinds would greatly conduce to the health, happiness and prosperity of the human race." . . .

'All evidence which has ever been collected has pointed to one conclusion, viz., that alcohol is not a food, and contains nothing answering to any scientific definition of food, but is essentially and radically a poison.

'As regards the cumulative effects of alcoholic liquors, these are to be traced in the habits and lives of those who take them regularly and frequently. Temperance life offices are not sentimental in their conclusions in any degree. They simply take the money of the people and tabulate the results. Separate results have been kept since 1862, and during the forty-two years which have elapsed, the returns show that total abstainers live, on an average, eleven years longer than non-abstainers.'—Dr. Dawson Burns, in the 'Medical Temperance Review.'

Jonathan Hayseed Says:

'The Christian voter who prays for God to sweep intemperance from the land don't mean it unless he is willing that God should use him as a broom to do the sweeping with.

'It ain't so much more iron in big ships to fight furrin' foes that we need as more iron in the blood to rise up an' wipe out the great internal foe—whiskey.'

What do you think about it?—'National Advocate.'

Schoolboys' Wine: a Protest.

Writing to the 'Daily Mail' of a recent date, a correspondent, signing himself 'Middle Class,' makes the following cogent observations on the subject of boys being supplied with wine at Eton public school:—'As a member of the great stolid, stupid, respectable middle class, it has come to me as a surprise and a shock that the boys of Eton drink champagne or any other kind of wine. As a chemist, I wish to protest against it as a physiological outrage. What do lads of fifteen or sixteen want with stimulants? Their hearts beat and their blood flows quickly enough without this adventitious artificial aid. It is monstrous! If they want wine at fifteen, what will they require at forty? Nothing short of cocaine or morphia will satisfy them. In public schools stimulants ought to be absolutely interdicted, except when ordered by the doctor in the case of sickness.'—'Alliance News.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Correspondence

G. F., B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have written to you. I get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am eleven years old. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am well. There are nine in my class. It is very hot here; it has not rained for a long time. We have a big school here, it is made of brick, and has six rooms. There is a high school here, too. I lived in Cascade six years, it is thirteen miles from here. It is a very small place. With best wishes to the 'Messenger,' and its readers, I will close.

KATHLEEN McRAE.

L., B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have just been reading the correspondence page. I love to read the letters very much. I think the 'Messenger' is a fine paper for little ones, and even for big ones, too. I like very much to see the drawings, there are some very nice ones. I go two miles to school. I have two brothers and one sister. Their names are Levern, Herbert, and Olive. They go to school, too. I had another little brother, and he died a year ago last Feb. I love to read books. I will tell you some of the books I have read. They are: 'Kate Darley,' 'The Cottagers of Glengarrian,' 'Kitty and Toodles,' 'Tom Larkins,' 'Mixed Pickles,' and 'Fairy' book. I am going to send a drawing of a horse. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.'

PEARL V. WITME.

(An explanation and apology are due to 'Pearl,' because her letter was cut short. The end was written over her picture, and as this is her first letter to the 'Messenger,' we ask her, in future, to write or draw only on one side of the paper.—Cor. Editor.)

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School every Sunday, and I like it very much. I did not go away for my summer holidays, but stayed at home and helped mother part of the time, and played and read afterwards. I have read so many books that I cannot commence to write the names of them. Mother says that she thinks I do more reading than work, but I would rather read an interesting book than do work. I shall be 14 on September 17. I am in the eighth grade at school, and I learn Latin now. I like going to school very much. Somebody asked which was the middle verse in the Bible, and I think that the third verse in the 123rd Psalm is the one. Now I must close before my letter gets too long.

Wishing success to the 'Messenger' and its readers.

MARGARET L. ROBINSE.

P. C., Muskoka.

Dear Editor,—I am spending the summer here on Lake Rosseau.

We brought up six chickens in a basket, and they grew to be large. We cooked four of them and one night a weasel came and killed one of the others, so my brother killed the other.

We have a gasoline launch called the 'Evangeline' after my sister.

We have a sail-boat, row boat, canoe and punt.

We built our cottage this year. Could you give us a nice name for it? It faces the east and there is a lovely view of islands and water.

My cousin Ollie ate ten dishes of ice cream in one day, and is still alive. They were not as large as they are in Toronto.

KINGSLEY A. GRAHAM.

(The Cor. Ed. suggests the following names: Aurora Lodge, Fair View, and invites further suggestions from our young readers.—Cor. Editor.)

K., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to see it published. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School, and I like it very much. I am ten years of age, and have four sisters and one brother. I am in the fourth book at school, and if everything goes right, expect to go in the fifth in a month or so. We are milking seven cows. My oldest sister milks three and my father milks four. We have seven horses, three of them are mares, and one has a colt, which is about four months old. We expect to be through harvesting this week, that is, stacking and all, if the weather keeps fine. My father says he has up somewhere near one hundred and fifty tons of hay this year, it is very plentiful around here. I must close. Wishing your paper every success.

Yours sincerely,
EMILY M. NIXON.

F., Mich.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the letters from other boys and girls, so I thought I would write one.

Have any of you seen or been to see the play, 'Madam Jarley's Waxworks.' This summer our B.T.P.U. wanted to make some money to fix the church, and had this entertainment, and made between seventeen and eighteen dollars.

This spring about thirty-five joined the church.

Can anyone tell me who the present President of Switzerland is? I am trying to find out the names of all the rulers of the countries of the world, and have most of the European ones.

Did any of you see the eclipse of the sun on the 30th of August? I saw nearly all of it, although it was cloudy, having rained in the night. I guess this is long enough for once, so will close, from

RUSSEL B. KITCHEN.

R., Ala.

Dear Editor,—Papa has been taking the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I like it so much.

Papa is a Mission and Sunday School worker, and he says the bright religious and temperance stories in the 'Messenger' are the best he can find for incentives to the S. S.

We live among the mountain people, who are very kind, but all are poor. I want to ask our young Christian friends to send us their second-hand papers, books, and testaments. There are hundreds of poor children in these mountain regions who never get at or attend a day school, and I used to go with papa and carry books and papers with me for the children; but our horse died, and the good people quit sending us their papers, and I have been staying at home for a year or more. I am 12 years old.

LENA WHITE.

(As there are many who would willingly help Lena in this Home Missionary work, her address is given in full, to enable such to communicate with her—R. F. D. Ronte, No. 1 Round Mountain, Alabama, U.S.—Cor. Editor.)

'Evergreen Farm,' Scotch Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I was reading in the 'Messenger' not long ago, of a little girl who wrote a letter saying that she was twelve years old, four feet eight and one-half inches high, and weighed seventy-five pounds. I think I can beat that. I am eleven years old, five feet two inches high, and weigh ninety-five pounds. We have a team of colts (Patsey and Prince), they are both pacers. We are going to show them at the Fall fairs this year, and next year we expect to show them at the Exhibition in Toronto, from which we live forty-two miles. I go to school every day, and will be trying my examination next summer, as I am in the Senior fourth class. We have not more than three hundred yards to go to school. I am taking music lessons from Mr. G., and I am expecting to try my examination in music next summer also.

We are going to have a picnic next Saturday for the Sunday School at Maple Grove. Everybody comes, and brings their baskets full of things, also their musical instruments. The smaller ones play games and swing. The rest have sports all the afternoon. At tea time the girls get tea, and we eat it on the logs. After tea we play more games. Then we sing hymns and return home. I think I have said enough this time. Wishing the Editor and correspondents every success.

EDNA WATSON.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Apple.' Alexander C., (aged 12 years.)
2. 'Bird.' Basil C., (aged 7 years.)
3. 'Rose.' Basil C., (aged 7 years.)
4. 'A Lady in a Garden.' Frances S. M., (aged 9 years.)
5. 'The Fairy Queen's Darling.' Kathleen Switzer.
6. 'Tree.' Basil C., (aged 7 years.)
7. 'Sawing Wood.' Charlie G. T., (aged 12 years.)
8. 'Duck.' Basil C., (aged 7 years.)
9. 'Horse, "My Pet."' Pearl V. W., (aged 13 years.)
10. 'Horse,' Willie Sharpe.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Loyal Temperance Legion, W.C.T.U., Stark's Corners, $2.00; Mrs. A. R. Knight, Upper Keswick, $1.00; Josie and George Hutchinson, Upper Musquodoboit, N.S., 25c.; total, $3.25.

HOUSEHOLD.

Nothing Suited Him.

He sat at the dinner table there,
With discontented frown,
The potatoes and steak were underdone,
And the bread was baked too brown.
The pie too sour, the pudding too sweet,
And the mince meat much too fat,
The soup was greasy, too, and salt—
'Twas hardly fit for a cat.

'I wish you could taste the bread and pies
I have seen my mother make;
They were something like, and 'twould do you good
Just to look at a slice of her cake.'
Said his smiling wife: 'I'll improve with age,
Just now, I'm but a beginner.
But your mother called to see me to-day,
And I got her to cook the dinner.'
—'Woman's Life.'

The Duty of Being Pleasant.

(Susan Teal Perry, in the 'Christian Work.')

'I wish we had company all the while, mamma,' said little Alice, as she saw the front door close behind a friend who had been spending the afternoon with her mother.

'Why do you wish to have company all the while, my dear?'

'Because, mamma, you are always so pleasant when other people are here, and somehow everything seems to be nice.'

The little girl went to her play, and the mother sat down with her basket of mending. Her little daughter's words made a deep impression upon her. It was too true that she was quite irritable at times when she was alone with her own family, and that she fretted and chafed over the duties which should be the most sacred and dear, those home duties toward those we love the best of all on earth. She did not wish to make an unfavorable impression on her outside friends, and acknowledged to herself that she could put on 'company manners,' and doff her petty fault-finding garb in a very short time. That night she took up her little book of daily reading, and read, 'You have not fulfilled every duty unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.' Alice's mother was one who 'looked well to the ways of her household.' She saw to it that the necessary requisites for the physical well-being were supplied. She was orderly and painstaking, her home was always attractive and everything in its place. But she had a habit of nagging the dear ones, and worrying over the work she had to do. The child's words were true—it was pleasanter in the home when company came, and the mother was on dress parade. She had never seen herself in such an unfavorable light before, and she resolved with God's help to make home just as happy and peaceful when only her family were present, as if she had the critics of the outside world making up their verdicts of her character.

A happy face about the home and pleasant words and ways have an influence for good and happiness in a family that cannot be estimated. Let us make it our aim to cultivate cheerfulness and pleasant manners as an every-day duty to those who live with us, until it becomes so natural to us that we will not have to make any changes for the better when company is announced.

Many years ago there was a dear wife and mother, in whose family it was my privilege, as a young girl, to be for a short time. This dear woman had peculiar trials, which youth, of course, could not comprehend, but which in later years has caused a halo of glory to be cast over the memory of that patient saint. It was her custom to get up very early in the morning, before the day's flood-tide of work began, and go in a little room by herself. It was quite curious to the younger ones why she did this, and later in the day we looked about the room to see if there was any kind of work which she did so early and kept hidden there. One day we heard her opening her heart to a friend, who asked her to tell her the secret of her keeping so unruffled in the midst of so much hard work and care. 'I go up to the Mount of Vision early every morning,' she said, 'and talk to my Lord. Then I come down into the valley, and he sustains me in all my daily rounds.'

That was the secret of her sweet ways, of her patient toil, and her uniform cheerfulness in the home. Her influence is still with those who dwelt with her, although she has long been in the home of her Father. In days of trial and vexation that 'Mount of Vision' she spoke of comes to remembrance as a place of rest and strength.

Fathers and mothers, make home the happiest, brightest, and most hallowed place on earth. The home-nest will all too soon be broken up, the little ones will learn after a time to use their wings and fly away. Let them take away in their hearts the sweet influences of a happy, cheerful, God-loving home. Let us all remember that too often

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for 'our own' the bitter tone,
Though we love 'our own' the best.
Ah! lips with curve impatient,
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
'Twere a cruel fate were the night too late
To undo the work of morn.

Hints for the Housewife.

To avoid heavy, clammy, mashed potatoes, remember that milk must not be stinted, and it positively must be boiling hot when added. This and whipping, not pounding, give proper results. Potatoes for five people require about half a cup of milk; if a little cream is added as well as a tablespoonful of butter so much the better. The cook who has achieved light mashed potatoes may at once become famous for fishballs, but she should shred her own codfish She should allow one cup of fish to two of mashed potatoes, or vice versa, according to the taste of the 'family.' She may also send to the table the most delightful souffle by stirring into two cupfuls of these same properly mashed potatoes the beaten yolks of two eggs, and when cooled a little the whites, beaten stiffly, stirred in lightly, the whole turned into a three half-pint (greased) pudding dish and browned in a brisk oven.

In baking cake, where larger experience is needed than in any other branch of cooking, much depends upon the ingredients composing the cake. Cakes rich in butter and yolks of eggs burn very quickly. Layer cakes should bake in from twelve to eighteen minutes; plain cakes in sheets in thirty to forty minutes; loaf cake in forty to sixty minutes, and upwards. Divide the time in quarters. In the first quarter the cake should show no change except in lightness; in the second quarter it should reach its full height and brown in spots; in the third quarter it should become well browned; and in the last quarter it will settle a little and, in some cases, separate from the sides of the pan. During the first and second quarters the cake may be gently moved in the oven if necessary; but in the third quarter, and perhaps in the last part of the second, when the cake has not fully risen, and the cell-walls are not fully fixed, a jar will cause the walls to settle. Divide the time for baking biscuit and bread in the same manner, and regulate heat accordingly. Meat should be put into a hot oven at first to sear over the outside, then add a little water with drippings and lower the temperature. If you wish to make a success of baking, bake often; in no other way can judgment be matured.—'Catholic News.'

Selected Recipes.

Health Bread.—Take one quart of bread sponge, and one cup of molasses, thicken with wheat bran and bake in a slow oven for five hours after it has risen.

English Walnut Cake.—To make walnut cake, cream together one cup of butter and two cups of sugar. Add the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and half a cup of milk. Then add two and one-half cups of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted, one teaspoonful of mace and one of lemon juice. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth and stir into the mixture with one and one-half cups of chopped walnut meats. Bake in tins in a brisk oven. Ice the cake with a white icing and decorate with walnut meats.—The 'Presbyterian Banner.'

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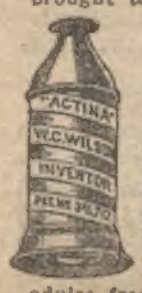

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